

A Discription of Foxtons falsehood

of Foxthe hyre, and of his fatal farewel.

The fatal fine of Traitors loe:
By Justice due, deservynge soe.

Of late (alas) the great vntyruth
Of Traitors, how it sped
Who list to know, shal here
How late allegiance fled.
If Rivers rage against the Sea,
And swell with soddeine rayne:
How glad are they to fall agayne,
And trace their wonted traine:
If fire by force wolde forge the fall
Of any sumptuous place,
If water floods byd him leaue of,
His flames he wyll disgrace.
If God command the wyndes to cease,
His blastes are layd full low:
If God command the seas to calme,
They wyll not rage or flow.
All thinges at Gods commandemēt be,
If he their state regarde:
And no man liues whose destinie
By him is vnpreparate.
But when a man forsakes the ship,
And rowles in wallowing waues:
And of his voluntarie wyll,
His owne god hap depraues:
How shal he hope to scape the gulfe?
How shal he thinke to deale?
How shal his fanthe bring him sound
To Salties shore with sayle?
How shal his freight in fine succede?
Alas what shal he gayne?
What feare by storms do make him quake
How ofte subiecte to payne:
How sundrie times in Dangers den
Is throwne the man vnwyse:
Who climes withouten holde on hys,
Beware, I him aduise.
All such as trust to false contracts,
Or secret harmes conspire:
Be sure, with Foxtons they shal taste
A right deserued hire.
They can not loke for better spede,
No death for such twofell:
God grant the iustice of the world
Put by the paynes of hell.
For such a penitence case it is,
That English harts did dare
To passe the boundes of duties lawe,
Or of their cuntry care.
And mercie hath so long releast
Offendours (God doth know)
And bountie of our curteous Quene
So long hath spared her foe.
But God, whose grace inspires her harte,
Wyll not abyde the spight
Of Rebels rage, who campe to reach
From her, her title quight.
Although she slowe in pitifull zeale,
And loueth to sucke no blood:
Yet God a caueat wyll her lend
To appease those Tippers mode.
A man that sees his house on fire,
Wyll seke to quench the flame:
Els from the spoyle some parte conuey,
Els seke the heate to tame.
Who see a penthouse wether beate,
And heares a boistrouse wynde:
But he defull safetie of himselfe,
Wyll force him succour fynde:
The pitifull patient Pellican,
Her blood although she shed:
Yet wyll she seme her date to end,
Or care her young be sped.
The Eagle flynges her yong ones downe
That sight of sunne refuse:
Imperfect fowles she deadly hates,
And rightly such misble.

The Crane wolde flye by to the Sunne,
I heard it once of olde:
And with the kyng of byrdes did stryue
By fame, I heard it tolde.
And do woe she wolde not fall for no,
But higher flye! did moue:
Till past her reach (saith she reporte)
Shame made a backe recour
I touch no Armes herein at all
But shew a fable wyse:
Whose mozaill sence doth repyre
Of clymers hys the guyse.
Who buyldes a house of many
and laith not ground worke
But doth extorte the ground
His buildyng can not dure
Whose sekes surmising to disp
a Ruler sent by GOD:
Is subiect sure, deuoyde of grace.
The cause of his owne rob.
A byrde that wyll her nest defyle
By right should lose a wyng:
And then is she no flying fowle,
But slow as other thyng.
And he that loseth all at games,
Or spendes in folle erresse:
And hopes by haps to heale his harme,
Must drinke of deare distresse.
To speake of byrdes to restrayne
This wyllfull wayward crewe:
They care not for the booke of God,
To Princes, men vntrue.
To cuntrye, causers of much woe,
To faithfull frendes, a fall:
And their owne estates, a styng,
To others, sharpe as gall.
O Lorde, how long these Lizards lurk,
God GOD, how great a whyle
Were they in hand with seigned harts
Their cuntrye to defyle:
How did they frame their furniture:
How fit they made their toles:
How Symon sought our englysh Troie
To byrnyng to Romaine scoles.
How Simon Magus playd his parte,
How Babilon balde did rage:
How Basan bulles begon to bell,
How Judas sought his wage.
How Jannes and Jambres did abyde
The brunt of baineslike acts,
How Dathan, Choz, Abiram send
To dash our Moysses facts.
How Romaine marchant set a fresh
His pardons braue a sale,
How alwayes some against the Truth
Wolde dreame a senceles tale.
Gods bicar from his god receaued
The keyes to lose and bynd:
Baals chaplein thoght by fire wold
Such was his pagan mynd.
God Lorde how hits the ter their
That saith such men shal bee
In their religion hot nor colde
Of much varietie.
And sundry sort of seas suru
Division shal appeare:
Against the father, sonne, the
Gainst mother, daughter
Is it not come to passe trow
Dea, bastards sure they bee,
Who our god mother Quene
Withstand rebelliouslie.
Can God his vengeance long retai
Where his true seruants fele
Inuirtouse spights of godlesse men,
Who turne as doth a whele?

So no, his sufferynge long (be sure)
Wyll pay his foes at last:
His mercie moued once away,
He shall them quight out cast
With sentence iust for their vntyruth,
And breakyng of his wyll:
The fruits of their sedicious seeds,
The barnes of earth shal fyll.
Their soules God wot soze clogd w crime
And their posteritie
Bespotted soze with their abuse,
And stand by their follie.
Their liuyngs left their name a shame,
Their dedes with popson sped:
Their deathes a wage for want of grace
Their honours quite is dead.
Their flesh to fede the kytes and crows
Their armes a maze for men:
Their guerdon as examples are
To dash dolte Dunces den.
Throw vp your snouts pou sluggish soze
Pou mumming maskyng route:
Crtoll your erclanations vp,
Baals chapleines, champions route.
Take sute for pardons, papists braue,
For traitours indulgence:
Send out some purgatorie scraps,
Some Bulls with Peter pence.
O swarme of Drones, how dare ye fly
With labouryng bees contend:
Pou sought for honie from the hives,
But gall you found in end.
These waspes do wast, their stings be out
Their spight wyll not auayle:
These Peacocks proude are naked leste
Of their displayed tayle.
These Turkye cocks in cullour red,
So long haue lurkt a lose:
The Beare (although but slow of fote)
Hath pluck his wynges by pofe.
The Hone her borrowed light hath lost,
She wayned as we see:
Who hoped by hap of others harmes,
A full Hone once to bee.
The Lyon suffred long the Bull,
His noble mynd to trye:
Untyll the Bull was rageyng wode,
And from his stake did hye.
Then time it was to bid him stay
Perforce, his hornes to cut:
And make him leaue his rageyng tunes
In scilence to be put.
And all the calues of Basan kynd
Are weaned from their wish:
The Hircan Tigers tamed now,
Lemathon eates no fish.
Beholde before your balefull eyes
The purchase of your parte,
Suruey your sodaine sorrowful sight
With sighes of dubble harte.
Lament the lacke of your allies
Religious rebells all:
Bewepe that yll successe of yours,
Come curse your sodaine fall.
And when ye haue your guiles out sought
And all your craft approued,
Deccanimus shal be your song
Your ground worke is remoued.
And loke how Foxtons sped their wills
Euen so their sea shal haue,
No better let them hope to gayne
But gallowes without graue.

FINIS. & William Gibson.

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